

The Pocahontas Times.

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If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, August 16 1906

AMONG THE HILLS

A Letter from Rev Dr Fleming in the Lynchburg News

The following charming descriptive letter of the hills and valleys of West Virginia, was received here yesterday from Dr R. H. Fleming, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, who is spending part of his vacation at the thriving town of Marlinton, in that State:

As the swiftly moving train of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway climbed the Alleghany west of Covington, a little boy, who had been gazing with interest out of the window of the coach, turned to me and said: "Is this the aggregate of the mountains?"

"Yes," I replied, and thanked him for the word. For the Alleghanies well deserve to be called the "aggregate of the mountains." Up, up, higher up, now winding around the head of a deep ravine and then through a great ridge by a tunnel, till the crest is reached; and then the train seems rather to glide than roll down the western slope to the rippling waters of the Greenbrier. Thanks to Major Jed Hotchkiss for the name "Rinconevite" at the entrance to the beautiful Greenbrier Valley. For many years the resources of this valley were known to a few outside of its own quiet precincts. It is but a few years since the enterprise of Colonel John T. McGraw induced the Chesapeake & Ohio to lay its rails a hundred miles to the north of the main line. At the forks of the Greenbrier in upper Pocahontas county, ex Senator Henry G. Davis and Senator Elkins met the Chesapeake & Ohio with the C. & I. (Coal & Iron). The West Virginia Spruce & Lumber Company had five hundred men up their axes against the thick trees. Through the huge mill at Covington, Va., the wood passes and everyone in the United States who uses a postal card has the benefit of the result of the enterprise.

A most rapid development of the resources of the Greenbrier Valley has taken place here. I am at Marlinton Pocahontas county. Dr D. A. Langhorne, who remembers Greenbrier Bridge, and Marlins Bottom farm as they were in 1861 would say: "What a wonderful change!" were he to be here now. The old bridge, built by the State of Virginia, a part of the internal improvements which the State of West Virginia declines to assume any obligation for—still stands. It was convenient use to both Federal and Confederate troops during the war. Across it has passed in a few years many thousands feet of lumber, which has been shipped to the uttermost parts for many years; and for the building of a town, Marlinton, which occupies the beautiful farm once owned by Marlin's Bottom. Here is a place of 1,500 people with granolithic sidewalks, electric lights and a water system; while just above is the huge plants of the Campbell Lumber Co., and of the Marlinton Tannery Co. The busy hum of industry is heard on all sides—trains pass north and south, taking out and bringing in products of the country. All along the upper Greenbrier is to be found plant after plant. Lunds have reached almost fabulous prices. The Washington Post of recent date published the following: "At the source of the Potomac River, in Pocahontas county, there is a tract of 6,000 acres of land which has passed through a remarkable financial history. Four years ago the land which contains iron deposits beneath it and valuable timber above it, was sold for \$30,000. The next day it sold for \$6,000. Former Senator Henry G. Davis wanted it, but kept waiting until he had to pay \$27,000 for it. He retained the iron deposits and sold the timber four months later for \$75,000. The people who bought the timber from him sold it again in about a year for \$175,000. Three weeks ago this was again sold for \$500,000. Counting the iron there is no telling what

THE LAST WOLF

In West Virginia Killed Six Years Ago The last of the wolves of the Western Waters made his stand in the great wilderness on the borders of Webster, Greenbrier, Nicholas, Pocahontas, Randolph, Upshur and Braxton Counties, and was killed six years ago by D. S. Hambrick, then a boy of eighteen.

There were two of the wolves and made their presence known to the farmers some twenty years since. One was killed about sixteen years ago, but the other for ten years or more lived on the west of the land, though continually harassed by men and dog. It was proof, seemingly, against gun, trap or poison, and some were of the opinion it bore a charmed life and was not to be killed. Literally thousands of shots were fired at it, but it is not likely that any took effect as there were few scars on its body.

In the final hunt which the wolf was killed, it ran within a few yards of a hunter on Slaty Fork, and stopped, broadside on, while it listened to the oncoming hunter. The hunter raised his trusty rifle and snapped on a cartridge. The gun had never failed before, and was noted in the country side for its accuracy. Another cartridge was put in and twice it failed to fire. The wolf then put off in the woods, and out of curiosity the hunter tried the cartridges again. Both fired the first trial. It was with some difficulty the man was persuaded to stay with the party.

Such a scourge was the wolf that farmers within a radius of twenty miles were compelled to quit raising sheep. Those who continued to do so kept their flocks in enclosures near the house and each night had to pen them. One farmer had twenty-four lambs killed by it in a single night, and another had twenty eight sheep killed outright and a number so badly bitten in the neck that they afterward died.

The county court of West Virginia, under authority have, since 1859, generally claimed these lines in a triangle, having as its apex the Fairfax stone extending to the Pennsylvania line where it is three-fourths of a mile wide. While the claims of Maryland to the head of the south branch of the Potomac, or to the new line recently set up west of the Fairfax stone are seriously contended for by her, counsel for the State of West Virginia feel confident that these claims cannot be sustained and they feel that the real controversy in the case is the territory between the Dekin and Michler lines.—News.

For seven days and nights did the hunters exert every cunning device of woodcraft in their knowledge. There were men among them born and bred to the forest who had hundreds of deer and scores of bear to their credit. So well did the leaders place the hunters that many shots were gotten. In one instance a stander was too close to shoot and tried to catch the wolf.

In the evening when the dogs were called off the trail, the hunters would seek houses if within reasonable distance, or otherwise lie in the woods. Many of the dogs would go home; and the wolf would seek a farm and kill what sheep it could find. The hounds which had run off would be looked up the following night; some of the men going all night in the quest of dogs.

On the morning of the eighth day, the wolf was located and surrounded, one hunter standing in plain view of another, and the dogs turned loose. The wolf ran within a short distance of D. S. Hambrick, who knocked it down with his first shot from a 38 calibre Winchester. The wolf got up and Hambrick kept on firing until he had shot fifteen times. Eight shots took effect, one breaking its shoulder but the wolf did not get down until he attempted to cross the Back Fork of Elk River. Here he fell and an end was put his existence. This was in the edge of Randolph County, and in the week that had passed the hunters had traversed parts of Randolph, Pocahontas, Braxton, Upshur and Webster.

The wolf was hung in a tree, and men and dogs called up. The like of the scene which ensued is seldom seen in this over-civilized day. The dogs got mixed up in one grand fight, and the hardy mountain men in their manifestation of joy over the death of the despoiler of their flocks literally tore the clothes off the lucky hunter. Volleys after volleys were fired, and each hunter took a shot at the body of

Boundary of West Virginia

Testimony is being taken in the boundary line dispute between Maryland and West Virginia at Oakland, Md., and Kingwood, W. Va.

West Virginia is represented by George E. Price, of Charleston and Julius K. Monroe of Kingwood. State Senator W. McCulloch Brown, of Garrett county, who made the survey several years ago, was a witness at Kingwood.

The suit was brought by Maryland against this state in 1891, to settle the boundary line between the two states and ever since that time it has been thrashed through the courts. In this case Maryland has revived the old claim that her boundary goes to the head spring of the south branch of the Potomac river instead of the north branch where it has always been held to be.

She also claims that if she can't go to the head spring of the south branch she is entitled to a line considerably farther west than the line run from the Fairfax stone. According to this claim she would recover from West Virginia a strip of land about thirty-six miles in width off the eastern side of Preston county.

The State of West Virginia insists that the Fairfax stone which was planted in 1746 at the head of the north branch of the Potomac river, is the point from which the boundary line was run and located in 1789 by Francis Dekin. It was found upon a scientific survey made in 1859 that the Dekin line from the Fairfax stone was not a due north line and that time was not run by Lieut. Michler which is recognized as the due north line.

Virginia and West Virginia attorneys have, since 1859, generally claimed these lines in a triangle, having as its apex the Fairfax stone extending to the Pennsylvania line where it is three-fourths of a mile wide. While the claims of Maryland to the head of the south branch of the Potomac, or to the new line recently set up west of the Fairfax stone are seriously contended for by her, counsel for the State of West Virginia feel confident that these claims cannot be sustained and they feel that the real controversy in the case is the territory between the Dekin and Michler lines.—News.

For Sale Store room and lot in the town of Lobelia. Owing to our leaving the County, we offer for sale our general merchandise business, including store room and lot, ware rooms and large stock of general merchandise, on easy terms. The building now is 24x50 feet, two stories, the second floor fitted for a dwelling. The stock of goods is practically new throughout, and the location is one of the best in the county. For further particulars apply to J. E. Peck & Co. Lobelia, W. Va.

Order of Publication State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, vs: At rules held in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, on the first Monday in August, 1906. Luther Perkins, Plaintiff vs) Laura Belle Perkins Defendant. The object of this suit is to obtain from the defendant an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony.

This day came the plaintiff by his attorney, and on his motion, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant, Laura Belle Perkins, is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that she do appear within one month after the date of the first publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

PNEUMONIA TREATMENT

From Bolter, Va

Knowing that you would like to hear from me, and about the trip over here, I'll tell you on the dead square. We left Marlinton Monday, 10:52 a. m., arriving at Bartow 12:40 p. m., to find the Monterey stage overloaded, so that they could take no more passengers.

Without delay, I phoned my friend Bird, at Durbin, and in an hour we were going up the Alleghany Mountain on a mountain automobile, a regular hay burner. On nearing the top of Alleghany commenced to rain. We just got our 400 lbs of humanity together in the middle of the seat, and raised our thirty cent sun shade and jogged along.

About 7 p. m., we arrived at Mr. O. H. Gum's residence at Hightown, Va., and were well cared for the night. (Also the motive power of the auto was stalled and fed.) Tuesday 8 a. m., we headed for Meadowdale, Vanderpool and then the Jackson River Valley to Bolter, where we arrived at two thirty p. m. I have not been here long enough to tell much about it, but there are people here from several different States—Kentucky, Ohio, Pa., West Virginia and Pocahontas, are all represented, and all kinds of ailments are to be cured. The water is fine, and certainly does wonders. I weighed 199 1/2 lbs when I left Marlinton, and I think I must be near 200 now. (You see I only got here yesterday.) My short arm does not seem to sprout much, but there is a man here who has one cork hand. I did think for ten minutes this morning that I had a cork hand.

It was quite cool at first, but soon seemed warm. I looked at my reflection, and saw that my hair was a beautiful green. You know it was a little gray. I was delighted, but when I combed it the green came off, and I discovered it was moss. I don't know whether the moss come from the spring or off my back. However, I'll find out and let you know next week. Rev. Pope of Marlinton, just arrived. He is going to take a much needed rest, and a little Bolter water for the catarrh.

A. D. A. The John Robinson Shows suffered a considerable loss last Sunday while en route to Rincoevite. While passing through Big Bend tunnel the gas and foul air asphyxiated the inmates of the monkey cage, sixteen in number. Upon arrival here the condition of the simians was discovered and every effort made to restore them, but in vain. The deadly gas had been inhaled too long, and they one by one expired. The experiment of forcing air into the lungs by means of a small hand-bellows was resorted to without effect.

Among the victims was a large mandril ape, about the size of a 10-year-old boy, whose strength far surpassed that of any man. He had had been known when angry to grasp and shake a heavily-laden wagon which could not be moved by four men. The dead monkeys were taken to the top of Fort Hill and buried in a grave prepared by the show people. The loss to the show was considerable as the animals cannot be replaced at present. The cage, with the hotel of the late departed gloomy and silent, was the only empty one in the menagerie department.—West Virginia News.

Fiduciary Notice The following fiduciary matters are before the undersigned commissioner of accounts for settlement to wit: J. S. McNeil, S. P. C. and as such administrator of the estate of Fremont Lents, deceased. F. R. Hill Administrator of the estate of George W. McCarty, deceased. T. S. McNEEL, Commissioner.

Buckeye. Plenty of rain and mud. Hard on the farmers who are trying to harvest their hay. George Jackson has dug sixteen pounds of sng this season. Lock McNeil was rather severely hurt by a kick from a mule Wednesday night. M. Dorman is harvesting Joseph Pennell's hay. Robert Puffinbarger expects to start to Oklahoma in a few weeks. Ernest Weiford is painting Dave Barnes' House. He expects to do a lot of painting for John Gay. Rev J. B. Grimes preached a good sermon at Spruce Flat Sunday.

Miss Annie Blair and Clark Kellison are in Kentucky on a visit. Horner McNeil killed a large rattlesnake at Spruce Knob while harvesting hay. It had fourteen rattles and a button. George Simmons has completed W. McOllintie's house and has contracted to build a house for Mr Cochran on Sinking Creek in Greenbrier County. Charley Dilley caught fifty nice trout out of Buck's Run last Saturday. Adrian Rucker was attacked by a large catamount on Bridger Mountain last Saturday night. He could hear the hungry varment squall after he had returned to his house.

A ROMANTIC STORY

The Marriage of a Mountain Couple

P. D. Hambrick, son of Curley Jim Hambrick of Webster County, a tall, broad shouldered mountaineer was in town Monday. He was married in Oakland's Maryland, two weeks ago, and thereby hangs a tale.

To years ago he was working for his cousin Lee A. Hambrick, whose good looking sixteen year old daughter Myrtle was receiving attention from a man named Hagan, much against the wishes of her parents. Young Hambrick also loved his pretty cousin, otherwise he would have been both to accede to the wishes of her parents to keep her company in order that she would not have too much time to think of Mr Hagan, who had already ordered his clothes for the wedding day which had been agreed upon. Before long the young people were deep in love with each other, Hagan forgotten entirely, and the old folk voicing strenuous objections to Hambrick.

On Tuesday July 17, the girl's father went to Webster Springs to attend court and the young people chose on that time as a propitious one to make the elopement. Two o'clock a. m. was the hour agreed upon, and young Hambrick was to come with two horses and carry her away. In some way the family found out about it, and when the sutor came to claim his bride he saw her mother, pistol in hand, guarding the bed. He stayed around until daylight, and then went home empty handed.

The next evening he went again to Mr Hambrick's house and stayed in a room over the back porch. It was quite cool at first, but soon seemed warm. I looked at my reflection, and saw that my hair was a beautiful green. You know it was a little gray. I was delighted, but when I combed it the green came off, and I discovered it was moss. I don't know whether the moss come from the spring or off my back. However, I'll find out and let you know next week. Rev. Pope of Marlinton, just arrived. He is going to take a much needed rest, and a little Bolter water for the catarrh.

Three miles across the mountain lives Jack Ramey and there they ate breakfast. From Ramey's to Pickens, the nearest railway station, is twelve miles through an unbroken forest. The lovers made their way through this pathless wilderness and at the depot were lucky enough to find a part of the girl's trousseau at the express office. This was supplemented at the stores, but no hat was gotten until they had arrived at Buckhannon.

License could not be procured here on account of the young lady being under age, and though neither had ever ridden on a train, they set out for Ohio. Here again the unfeeling officers forbade them the necessary papers. Nothing daunted they started across the State of West Virginia for Maryland, and in the city of Oakland were happily made man and wife by Rev J. B Workman.

Mr and Mrs Hambrick are now at Stoney Bottom, where the husband has found employment in a lumber yard. We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to these plucky young people, who are willing to brave anything in their unwavering devotion to each other.

Free Scholarships in Nurse Training The Philadelphia School for Nurses has purchased large properties at 2219-25 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and will extend the benefits of the Free Course in Nursing to young women of every rural community and of the smaller towns and cities throughout the entire country.

The Course is two years, but may be shortened to eighteen months by six month's reading and study at home. The School provides room, board, nurse uniforms, gives fall instruction, and pays the student's fare home at the end of the Course. A special short course is provided for those who cannot spend two years in the study but who wish to quickly prepare themselves for self-support. The object of those who are providing the funds for this work is to ultimately extend the benefits of skilled nursing to every village and township in the land. Nearly 300 Free Scholarships will be available this year.

The Moon and the Weather

In company with a former member of one of the United States scientific bodies, an elderly professor, we were looking at the moon, when the professor remarked, "That is a wet moon with us, is it so in your country?" To which reply was made, "Well, professor, I don't take much stock in the moon theory as having influence on the weather."

The only reply from the professor was a long drawn "A-h-h-h." Having a curiosity to know whether a man of scientific attainments and habits of thought had any rational grounds for such a belief, the subject was returned to later with the question, "Professor, do you believe that the moon exerts an influence on terrestrial weather?" "O-h-h-y-e-s. We have neap tides and spring tides, from the moon's influence; there is no reason why it should not influence the weather also." To which reply was made, "But the moon exerts the same influence upon all parts of the earth's surface every twenty-four hours. It would seem that if it causes rain in one place, it should cause rain all over the world." This ended the discussion. Evidently this learned professor had never thought of analyzing the question, but simply clung to a belief probably imbibed in the nursery.—Ex.

I think that twenty acres of woodland, rightly distributed in protecting the springs and marshy, springy spots, which form the headwaters of the little brooks, usually we would have less of shrinkage of water and more power in summer time. Unfortunately, most farmers see no idea of the use of woods beyond the line of a fence. I know of one farmer who is unable to cut it down. They think waste grain patches in woods is never realized as a really, if rightly placed, it is really, if store up water with sponge to their land more fertile than make them out in time of drought. It is well illustrated by one of the correspondents of this paper, who told of the increased fertility and value of his land from having formed a trout pond. The thirsty land by capillary force drew the water many rods inland, and thus improved the crops. There are many little watercourses which run dry in summer, which, if their sources were properly protected, would be little trickles of water even in the hottest weather. These are of untold value to the farmer and the streams. It is, of course, well nigh impossible to get the farmers in the settled parts of the country to do anything radical to improve this matter, but show them it will pay, and the right spirit once aroused, much will be done. In parts still unsettled an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

As I write, an instance of this thing rises before me, and I feel impelled to give it. I know a stream that once, from its source to its mouth, was a fine trout brook. It is formed by two main branches, and on the map looks like a little Y. Both branches rose in woodland fields, their waters were clear and cold. A number of years ago the woods which covered the sources of the right-hand branch were cut down. Now a miserable bog occupies the site. No trout are to be found any more in this stream, but it is filled with dace, etc. It is a torrent in winter, a mud hole in summer. The land along its course has suffered with it. The other branch has not been injured in this way. It flows with a more even volume, and is filled with trout. It took the main stream, so that trout are plenty to its mouth, and not a dace is to be found below the fork.—Ex.

Mrs Morrison, of Jacob, Pocahontas county, left for Baltimore Wednesday night to be treated at Johns Hopkins hospital.—West Virginia News.